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LONDON OFFICE-32 COCKSPURCH, TRAFALGAR
SQUARE.

FREE Messenger SERVICE.
EVERY OFFICE OF THE
MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY
IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT
"WANT" Advertisements for THE WORLD.

LOCATION OF MESSENGER OFFICES:
30 New York, 40 Broadway, 502 5th Ave.
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WHY NOT ARBITRATE?
The strikers on the New York Central have declared to Vice-President Wynn their willingness to submit the points in dispute to the State Board of Arbitration and their willingness to abide by its decision. Mr. Wynn declined to submit to any arbitration on the ground that there was no ground for arbitration. The Central had discharged for sufficient reason some of its employees and it would not take them back.

The object of arbitration is to secure from an unprejudiced, impartial judge decision of a point over which the disputants feel too warmly or too strongly to entertain other than one view about it. A willingness to submit to arbitration shows a liberal, fair mind and argues a strong confidence in one's position. So far the strikers have done nothing violent, and their consent to rest the decision of the case with an arbitrator should conciliate public feeling in their regard. The State Board of Arbitration was created for the purpose of settling difficulties such as this now existing on the Central, and it would have been graceful, to say the least, in Mr. Wynn to have acceded to this proposition of the strikers.

The public, for whose benefit railroads exist, can reasonably protest against being inconvenienced unnecessarily by troubles of this kind. However sure of his position Vice-President Wynn may feel, he should be willing to leave the matter in dispute to the State Board of Arbitration out of regard for the public if for no other reason. The public has a right to complain of his refusal to do this.

NEVER!
A Republican Senator has introduced a resolution to appropriate \$300,000 for the erection of a monument to General Grant provided his remains be transferred to Washington.

The breathless way in which the present Republican regime has depleted the Treasury surplus makes such a proposition doubly annoying. The attempt to raise a monument to the deceased General by popular subscription has not been as successful as could be desired, and the present unworthy shrine on Riverside Drive for his dust is an eloquent appeal for more generosity in this matter.

But this does not seem sufficient reason for removing Gen. Grant's remains to the capital and plucking the money required for a fitting monument to him there from the pockets of the people.

There are enough rich men who are friends and admirers of General Grant to supply the deficiency in the popular subscription to his monument, if need be, out of their own pockets. To raise the monument in the way proposed by the Republican Senator, would be to raise with it a lasting humiliation to the man whom the nation would honor.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.
The sudden death of John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston Pilot, has removed a singularly beautiful character from a world which he adorned and benefited. The key-note of BOYLE O'REILLY's being was sweet robustness. He was athlete, journalist, lecturer, novelist, poet, patriot and gentleman; and out of these fields he was able and brilliantly successful. Probably his only enemies were political ones, for his personal magnanimity was notably strong. Death cut him down in his prime and has deprived Ireland of one of her truest patriots and America of one of her noblest countrymen. The grave which receives his remains will be honored ground.

Prince Russell is getting into hot water by his journalistic methods in Montana. The good people of that State have a law in force since May of last year which is directed against any one who advertises a lottery or upholds it in the press. This is what the President's son has done

in his Montana paper, and the people of that locality object to it most strenuously. How far Russell, Harrison's "pull" will go to shield him in this matter remains to be seen. If he escapes it will probably be due to the fact that the man who has violated Montana law by advertising lotteries is the son of the President of the United States.

The Grenadier Guards have arrived at Bermuda and are ecstatically content with their heavenly exile. Instead of the vile London weather and the most wearisome duties they have a ravishing climate, beautiful scenery, and only the ordinary routine of military life in clean, sweet barracks. Exile! Well, perhaps, but Bermuda is no Siberia. Altogether it looks as if this were putting a premium on mutiny.

Some rude policeman hustled FREDIE GERHARD while that gentleman was viewing the burning of a confectionery shop. It really seems a little hard that FREDIE could not gaze with childish delight on the incandescent sweets without being interfered with by a rude, coarse "copper." True, the man in blue has to be heard from.

SPOTLIGHTS.
The N. Y. Central must sincerely wish that the "Westerns Dictionary" of their employees is not "unabridged."

When a boat is lost in the Sound it cannot be said to have become inaudible.

Vice-President Wynn thinks the strike is a big bluff. To the public it seems as if the Central had put up the blinds.

A young fellow has eloped with Jennie Bond. It is doubly incoherent on him now to be as good as his bond.

Five young women were found in a raided dive. The women in these places do not leave reputations.

Bathers in a public bath have got sore eyes from it. The sewer, emptying into the bath, is not so very far from the eye.

He will be a bold man who will wear first the unstarred linen shirt.

Somebody says there are lots of sea in Turkish rugs. They ought to be more seely, then.

It is Emperor William's ambition to be the strongest licker in the world. He would like to lick everybody.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.
James Magee is one of the fastest men of the Queens County Varsity. He is a stayer, too. He has a record of 123 miles in less than twelve hours.

Jack Haggerty does his best to push the Haverwood Boat Club to the front. He is a clever performer in the single shell and strokes the side four.

R. J. McCready is an Englishman who recently won the 25-mile city championship of Great Britain, with a record of 1 hour and 25 minutes.

W. H. Hildebrandt, who stroked the Arthur Kull four to victory recently, is a powerful built young Hercules, with a fine knowledge of the intricacies of scientific rowing. His rowing has been much admired by Passaic oarsmen.

STOLEN RHYMES.
City and Country.
I find you in such midnight madness
As falling, falling, dancing by the sea,
I am content, and feel no lack of sadness
Because I find you here, and you are free.
Recording names and dates beyond all measure,
And all at once the victor's laurels shed,
For I've found out a way of getting pleasure
Within the city that is twice as cheap.

When you old girl do me a disservice,
And all my assets to my credit book,
I won't be fresh and full of bitterness
From the fact that you have done me wrong.
And at times I'll think and I'll be vexed
And feel as if I were a fool and a snob,
Upon a stool I'll stand and I'll be vexed
And feel as if I were a fool and a snob.

He mine the city joys without all number,
From which the seaside visitor is barred;
His slumber is no deeper than the slumber
Left by a sleep of a mountain bard.
And as for "summer nights" upon whose larking
And all at once the victor's laurels shed,
For I've found out a way of getting pleasure
Within the city that is twice as cheap.

Drum.
There are dreams too false and dreams too true,
Dreams that are fraught with a tender thought,
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you,
Dreams of life and love and eternal night,
Dreams of life and love and eternal night.

My whole life and a dreamland bliss,
With the warm breath of a mountain bard,
But my tenderest dreams are my dreams of you,
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There are dreams of love when I would woe,
Dreams that are fraught with a tender thought,
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It is all my life's heart to you,
And I'll be true to you, and you to me,
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A Twilight Episode.
Evening's shade has fallen now,
And I sit alone in my room,
There is a moon in my window,
And I feel as if I were a fool and a snob.

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The Power of Propinquity.
[From Prop.]
Mrs. Snodgrass—Have you any vinegar?
Mr. Snodgrass—Yes, I've got it.
Oh, be you going to take it with you?
Mr. Snodgrass—Yes, I've got it.
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Good Reason Why.
[From Prop.]
Wife—You dance a great deal better than I do.
Husband—Humph! Then I didn't have to say it.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.
Fads and Fancies That Interest the Gentler Sex.
Embrodered Flounces to Elaborate Skirts—White Driving Gloves—Thousands of Gems in Queen Victoria's Crown.

Some of the elaborate skirts are made with deep borders of beautifully woven lace or embroidery which being protected from wear can be removed when the garment needs laundering.

Beautiful gauze ribbons in checks and plaids are selling at a third less than cost.

Now there are lounge robes made of silk now after the cut of the masculine garment.

The lazy ladies, who, childless, husbandless and aimless, lounge about the piazzas of the seaside hotels, kill time by working tennant tray cloths. Poor dears! and Kate allye's Kitchen and Mackerel Point filled with packed children and bedraggled women who are unable to pay for threats and needles.

A number of celebrities were present at the afternoon party given recently by M. Blomet (Max O'Reilly and Miss Blomet at 11 St. James's terrace, Regent's Park. Every one was somebody, and there was a pleasant feeling of homeliness about the party, although it was so distinguished. Literature was represented by Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. B. L. Farson, Mr. Joseph Knight, Miss Mathilde Blomet, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens, Mr. Arthur Stanger, and Mrs. Frank Leslie. Art by Mr. Phil Morris, Mr. Harry Furness, Mr. Frederick Villiers, M. Jean de Paleologue, Mr. Lawrence Phillips, and Mr. Pinder. Music by Mr. Carl Ambrunser, Miss Pauline Cramer, Miss Zelle de Lussan, and Miss Dinelli, while the dramatic element was strongly represented by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Mr. Augustus Harris, Mr. Palmer of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dacre, Miss Grace Hawthorne, and a strong contingent of the Daily Company, including Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, and Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly.

THEY DREW FOR A WATCH.
Ex-New York Turner Cadets Raised \$11.40 for the Babies.
Happy mothers, smiling fathers, laughing children, brave lads and lassies by the hundreds gathered at the pier foot of Fifth and Sixty-third streets, East River, bright and early yesterday morning.

STOLEN RHYMES.
City and Country.
I find you in such midnight madness
As falling, falling, dancing by the sea,
I am content, and feel no lack of sadness
Because I find you here, and you are free.

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THEIR MANY ILLS.
You Can Help the Babes to Battle with Them.
Thousands Are in Urgent Need of Assistance.

The Free Doctors Have Hundreds of Patients Each.
Dr. M. L. Foster, chief of THE EVENING WORLD'S Corps of Free Physicians, makes the following report of work done by his staff since its inception:

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.
Prescriptions acknowledged..... \$5,002.54
Medicines dispensed..... 3,402
Dietary advice given..... 3,402
Obedience to the law..... 3,402
Miss A. B. Williams..... 1.00
H. N. S..... 1.00
Grace Harrington, Miss Thayer and Beatrice Goldsmith..... 5.00
S. F. Bogart's collection..... 5.00
A. W. Williams..... 2.50
W. L. Williams..... 2.50
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Employer and Employees.
Please find our check to pay for contributions as per enclosed list.

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HE SAYS THE CONDEMNED MAN IS A TERRIBLE LIAR AND SCHEMER.
Remarkable Letter from Murderer Smiler's Nearest Kin.

Harris A. Smiler, the Salvation Army bigamist, who was convicted of the murder of Maggie Draney, one of his wives, and was under sentence to die by electricity this week, a most and unexpected setback to his little scheme for escaping Kemmer's fate.

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A CHANCE FOR THE JOKERS.
THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold eagle to the person who has sent in the best joke for the accompanying illustration. No further contributions will be received in this contest.



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MR. SCHLAGEL'S USELESS NOSE.
FOR TWO YEARS HE COULDN'T BREATHE THROUGH IT.
But It's All Right Now—He Had Caught, and He Says Dr. McCoy and Wildman Have Cured Him After Different Doctors Failed to Do Him Any Good.



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DOCTORS MCGOY AND WILDMAN.
Offices:
5 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY.
BROADWAY, COR. 14TH ST., N.Y. CITY.
Domestic Sewing-Machine Building,
187 MONMOUTH ST., NEW YORK CITY.
Opposite Academy of Music.

WE ARE ALWAYS GLAD
to have buyers shop all over before coming to us. Our prices are then found so much below all others and the styles so neat and artistic that the whole man looks a big order in no time. But as this is the busiest time of the year we have plenty of help for those that wish to look about at our measure, and the plain figures at what it would cost to replace the goods on each article makes the time pass pleasantly even without a salesman.

GEORGE C. FLINT CO.
Furniture Makers,
104, 106 and 108 WEST 14TH ST.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF EMPLOYERS.
By means of a WORLD "Want" you can pass into the private offices of thousands of the largest and best employers in town, and tell them what you want and what you are able to do. On Monday and Saturday this service costs you but 5 CENTS PER LINE. The total expense would not be one-half what you would spend in car-fares in one day looking personally for a place.

HER IDEA OF PARISIAN DRESS.
A Japanese Lady Tries to Emulate Her French Neighbors.
A Japanese lady residing at Tokio, and quite ignorant of the dress of European ladies, desired to appear in Parisian attire, says the London Figaro.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, One Dollar Weekly.
RELIABLE PERSONS CAN OBTAIN GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, EMBROIDERED LINENS, CHINA, AND MANY WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS BY CALLING ON OR ADDRESSING:

MUTUAL WATCH CO.
100 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HOOD'S SARAPARILLA.
Sold by all druggists. Price 25c per bottle. Prepared only by C. E. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

I'm So Hungry.
I've never been so hungry after taking a few doses of Hood's Saraparilla.

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